

October 24, 1922

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

I should certainly like to see you in New York, Mother. In fact, I wish I could go to Atlantic, but I don't know how my weekends stand. I shall have to inquire in the warden's office.

I had a lengthy letter from Marian today, to my surprise. She told me she saw you, Mother. She also tells me that Estelle Rosenbloom was sick in bed for two months in Palestine--and that Charles claims to be engaged to a Parisian!

The Hindu didn't sail with the others because he came over for the purpose of stirring up interest in his "league of Youth" and of trying to start a similar institution in this xounry. Send the picture of them to Pete, then return to me, please.

Elanor Wolfe told me she saw D. May in New York Sunday and that they sailed Monday. Marian wrote that she was much feted before she left home.

Mother, I sent a small bath mat home in my laundry and never got it back. Is it still at home?

I got a "Good" on my Aristotle topic for Tolerance, much to my surprise. Between that and acting the part of Socrates in his trial, I feel quite philosophic--except for the fact that I am bored to death in my philosophy course I think Teddy showed good sense in almost flunking it, Pete.

How is Harold getting on these days?

I am in a miserable humor--I wasted three hours this morning trying to work and being too sleepy to. One consolation is that I have comparatively little regular work to do--but one of these days soon I shall get started on my semester topics, and then i will be a little busier. Not debating certainly is a time saver, but it makes life a little monotonous.

I intended to do just what you said about the dresses,  
Mother--except that there is no urgent need of getting another  
one soon.

Love,

Fannie